

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Fiat

In the beginning when the world,—
A shapeless mass of matter hurled
 In space,—Thy voice, O God of Beauty, heard,
The chasm's troubled womb gave birth
 To life and light, to heaven and earth,
 Obedient to the power of Thy Word.

And when once more Creation groaned
Beneath sin's weight yet unatoned,
 Once more the echo of Thy voice is heard:
And lo! 'mid earth's most darksome gloom
 A Virgin's Flower springs into bloom
 Because her lips have breathed that primal word.

And ah!—full sweetest that of all—
When we in weakness sway or fall,
 We live or rise to life by that same Word:
Outstrip Creation's dearest worth,
 And see once more Thy Virgin Birth
 Conserved, or, with Thy love, anew conferred.

—*Henry Gerard Sandkuehler, C. Ss. R.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

Imelda Clenaghan sat on an uneasy chair in the priest's parlor twisting and pulling and inflicting other cruel and unusual tortures on a pair of perfectly innocent brown kid gloves. She had not long to wait before Father Timothy Casey strolled in and greeted her with his tantalizingly threadbare witticism: "Well, Imelda, have you found him yet?" Then he halted abruptly in his hearty laugh, partly because he was displeased and not a little pained to see his young parishioner dressed in a style altogether unbecoming a modest Catholic maiden, and partly because he saw by her face that she was ill at ease.

"Yes, Father, I *have* found him. That is what I came to talk about," she said, plunging at once into her subject without the carefully planned introduction "ad captandum benevolentiam" over which she had been working for a week past.

"Congratulations!" cried the priest. "Of course, he is a good, practical Catholic."

"No, Father," returned Imelda. She had prepared a specially fine introduction for this unpleasant statement, and here she was forced to make it with all its brutal bluntness. However, in order to save the day as far as might be, she hastened to add: "He's not a Catholic, but he is the soul of hon—."

"Well, well, don't mind, child," cried the priest cheerily, trying to hide his disappointment. "Just bring him around to your old pastor, and we shall instruct him thoroughly three times a week until he knows his religion as well as little Imelda when she was first in catechism class. In the meantime we shall see that he says his prayers, goes to Holy Mass, abstains from meat on Friday, and has a good thorough training before we baptize him. You have told him that there can be no thought of marriage unless he becomes a Catholic, and you are little afraid that he will enter the Church, not through conviction, but just to win you. Do not worry, Imelda; if he is a straightforward, clean-minded man fit to be your husband, there is no doubt he will be deeply convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church after he will have heard the doctrine and credentials of the Catholic Church explained."

Imelda gave another fierce pull at the brown kid gloves.

"He will not come. That is why I have promised to marry him without his being a Catholic. He says that he considers the Catholic

Church one of the greatest factors for good in the world to-day. He can never become a Catholic himself, but he will not interfere with my conscience. I love him, and he loves me, and, since God has made us for each other, I don't think difference of religion ought to keep us apart."

Poor Imelda! This was all she was able to save from the wreck of her carefully prepared speech.

"Imelda Clenaghan," said the priest solemnly, "have you come here to tell me that you are determined to bind yourself for life to a man who rejects your holy faith?"

"I have come to tell you that I am determined to marry Neville Billsborrow despite the fact that he is a non-Catholic. We have set the date for next Tuesday. It would be a waste of time to try and dissuade me. I love him too much to give him up."

Could this be the Imelda, Father Casey asked himself, whom he had known from childhood, who had always been so docile to his directions, who had been a model to the parish? Yes, it was the same Imelda, but grown to womanhood and blinded by "the first misguided impulse of her undisciplined heart". He saw—well, he understood it—in the tight-closed lips and burning cheeks, the woman's firmness—or stubbornness—call it what you will. Could she be saved from the life of misery that she was determined to bring upon herself? If so, she would be one out of a hundred. Though he knew from bitter experience how hopeless was the task, he felt it his duty to try. Breathing a prayer that God would guide him, he looked at her for a few moments in silence. Then he asked:

"Imelda, what do you think I am going to say?"

This was an unexpected turn. She pulled at the brown kid gloves until Father Casey wondered that the fingers did not come off. Then half defiantly, half poutingly, she answered:

"I suppose you are going to say that he will lock me up on Sunday to keep me from Mass, and beat me if I go, that he will force meat down my throat on Friday, and threaten my life unless I curse the Pope."

"And you don't think he will?"

"No, I don't," she snarled.

"Neither do I," replied the priest. "The very things you mention, child, and which you regard as impossible, *have* been done, and done, on some rare occasions, by men who spoke as gently and promised as

fair during courtship as your own Neville Billsborrow. Still I do not anticipate this in your case—you will have no such luck."

"You call that luck!" she cried.

"Most emphatically," returned the priest. "You still have in your veins a few drops of the blood of ancestors who died for the Catholic religion. If any man would try to rob you of your faith by brute force, you would defy him. Neville Billsborrow will choose more efficacious means to make you 'lower to his level', or I mistake my man."

"You mistake your man indeed, if you think he will use means of *any kind* to rob me of my faith."

"Child, child, you are blind. You say that he loves you, and I believe it. He knows that your religion means everything to you, yet not even out of love for you, will he lay aside his prejudice so far as to listen to a few instructions that might show him that your religion is more reasonable than he had thought. Which only shows how deep—almost bitter—is his prejudice against the Catholic Church. You imagine that he will use no means to weaken your faith. Why, child, his very presence, the very love he has won from you, will prove the strongest means. Will your heart always permit you to kneel down before the picture of the Sacred Heart or the image of the Blessed Virgin to say your prayers with him watching you, while you know that this action causes him pain and displeasure? Will your piety continue strong enough to bring you frequently to Confession and Communion when some look, some gesture of his, will tell you plainly that, though he loves you, he despises your credulity, that he is even jealous of having you carry your secret thoughts to the priest? Take even the Sunday Mass that binds you under the pain of mortal sin; your conscience will hold you faithful at least to that, when everything is favorable; but if the weather is bad, if your health is poor, and if, in his loving solicitude for your welfare, he tries to dissuade you from injuring yourself for the sake of something which in his heart he believes to be but a superstitious mummary, will you always be firm enough to do your duty? Oh, how many a beautiful practice of Catholic devotion you will sacrifice to 'keep peace'! And despite it all, peace will not be kept. There is no true peace in a sinful marriage with one who is not of your faith, since that marriage must be contracted without any of the rites of Holy Church, without the blessing of Almighty God. True peace in married life requires that husband and wife be of one heart and one mind. This can never be if they differ absolutely

on the most important of all truths. You and Mr. Billsborrow differ on these very truths. You believe with all the firmness of your soul that the Catholic religion is the one only true religion instituted by Jesus Christ to lead all men to heaven; he is convinced that it is a mere human organization making preposterous claims to divinity. True, as you told me a moment ago, he calls the Catholic Church a power for good. Yes, but he denies that it is good in itself; he denies that it is what it claims to be; he admits that it has some good effects, in the same sense he could admit that lynching or slavery or even idolatry might have some good results. Nor is this the only important truth on which you differ. *You* know that Holy Mass is the same sacrifice as the Sacrifice of Calvary; he is convinced that it is nothing but a series of stupid superstitious rites performed by a man dressed in queer clothes. You know that Holy Communion is the very Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; he is convinced that it is only a bit of insipid bread. You know that Confession is a sacrament endowed by Christ with divine power to cleanse your soul from sin; he is convinced that it is a deceitful and immoral trick of the priests for holding the people in their power. Tell me, how is it possible for peace, for mutual respect and confidence, for true conjugal love to subsist between husband and wife while they are poles apart on the most vital questions? Why, you and this non-Catholic will differ absolutely regarding the very contract that will make you man and wife. You believe that it is indissoluble; he holds that it is not. You believe that it brings with it certain most serious obligations; he holds that it does not. Knowing that such are his views on marriage, you run the risk of having him leave you in hopeless grass-widowhood or of having him live with you in habitual abuse of the holy sacrament of Matrimony. I know that even a Catholic husband may at times abuse marriage, but there is Confession to restrain him; on the contrary no one can reach the conscience of the non-Catholic husband."

"I know I shall never lose my faith!" cried Imelda with a half sob.

"You may see the day that you will wish you had lost it. There are few tortures worse than that of believing the religion of Christ and yet of knowing that your life contradicts it. And even though you keep the faith yourself, you will answer to God for its loss in your own children."

"My children will not lose the faith. If needs be I can instruct

them myself. I was graduated from the sisters' academy," said Imelda proudly.

"Did the sisters teach you to marry a non-Catholic?"

"Oh, they gave us some terrible tirades on that subject. But what do the poor dears know about the world?"

"Don't you think," queried the priest, "that they might possibly have learned quite a deal about the world from patching up the broken hearts of former pupils who, after contracting a foolish marriage, come to them for consolation? But we are straying from our subject. You say that you would teach your children their religion. Do you not know that by far the most convincing teaching for a child is the example of its parents? Your own example may teach the child to be a Catholic; its father's example will teach it to be the opposite. How will such a child grow up with that deep, strong, living faith that is absolutely necessary in the midst of present day temptations? Oh, the unhappy, unnatural lot of the child of a mixed marriage! It must reject one or the other of the most sacred sentiments of the Christian heart —either the full and free acceptance of all the teachings of its holy faith or the unquestioning confidence it should have in its parents. It must reject one or the other of these sentiments, and often, after an internal struggle that embitters its entire childhood, it ends by rejecting both."

When Imelda finally left the priest's house, her heart was heavy, her mind disturbed and confused, but she was still stubbornly determined to risk all in a mixed marriage. The very dangers attendant upon marriage with this unbeliever seemed to intensify her infatuation for him. This apparent contradiction is hard to understand; however, Father Casey has his own explanation. He insists that the devil takes an active part in fostering such an infatuation, knowing from experience that it will yield him an abundant harvest.

The good pastor had scarcely closed the door upon his misguided child when he was called upon to open it to another caller—a woman, somewhat past middle age and apparently under stress of some intense sorrow.

"My name, Reverend Father," she began when she had taken a seat in the parlor, "is Mrs. Wigton. I have lived for some months in your parish. I presume you do not know me, for I have not made the acquaintance of any of the members of the parish. Neither have I taken a pew. In fact, I have not even been at Mass more than a few

Sundays. You see my husband is not a Catholic, and it is so hard—and, O Father, my heart is broken—." And she wrung her hands in agony that was pitiful to behold, but not a tear fell from her burning eyes.

Father Casey waited until the paroxysm of grief had spent itself and then quietly encouraged her to tell her story. She began:

"Over thirty years ago I met Dr. Wigton. He was not a Catholic. I had received a thorough Catholic training, as well at home as in the parish school and the academy. I had heard time and again of the evil of mixed marriages. But I—well, I loved the keen and polished young doctor, and I thought he would prove an exception. He made the required promises, signed the necessary papers, and we were quietly married in the parlor of the priest's house. I believe that my husband would die rather than break his word in even the slightest matter. The promises he was obliged to make before marriage were, as you know Reverend Father, that he would allow me to practise my religion and to bring up all our children Catholics. I can say that he never once, in all the years of our married life, deliberately broke either of these promises—I know how fiercely he had to struggle with himself at times to keep from breaking them, especially whenever he heard me teaching the children their catechism. He was honestly convinced that the sacred truths contained in the catechism were the most absurd superstitions, and it tortured him beyond expression to hear his own sons taught to believe them. He took care never to tell me this; I felt, rather than heard or saw it. Hence, in order to spare him needless pain, I gradually adopted the plan of teaching the children their catechism only while he was out of the house. I realize now that this was one of my mistakes. The children were sharp and soon began to think that there was something in their religion to hide or be ashamed of.

"It was out of deference to my husband's feelings too, that I abstained more and more from adorning the house with what is called 'Catholic furniture', crucifixes, pictures, statues, holy water fonts, and the like. True, I took care to see that the children and myself had beads and prayerbooks, but I kept these articles in a drawer, and the children saw nothing in the home to remind them of their religion. The concessions I made in matters pertaining to my religion were prompted by a desire to keep peace and I had good reason indeed to work for peace. Our first, last, and only serious quarrel took place a few years after our marriage. It arose out of a misunderstanding of

some kind (religion had no part in it). In our pride and stubbornness we both went pretty far. After we had finally cooled down and come to an agreement, my husband said: 'My dear Anna, we have both suffered intensely from this unfortunate quarrel. Let us carefully guard against another such, for if we cannot live together in peace it will be far wiser for us to secure a divorce, so that each can find happiness with a truly congenial partner'. This he said in all sincerity with a view as much to my happiness as to his own. Then for the first time the terrifying truth came home to me that I had entered upon a mutual contract which I knew to be indissoluble, but which the other party believed he could break at will. This gave me such a scare that I was ready to make almost any concession rather than risk losing my husband's affection and seeing him take another woman as wife.

"My course of weak compliance no doubt encouraged my two elder sons in their natural inclination to imitate their father. They drifted away from the faith little by little as they were gradually freed from my control. They are now twenty-eight and thirty respectively, and though they never say it in so many words, I know that in their hearts they disown the Catholic religion.

"When I saw that they were likely to apostatize, I was aroused to a sense of my awful responsibility to Almighty God for their immortal souls. I resolved to follow a different course with regard to their brother, who was several years younger. I was far more exact in teaching him his catechism, bringing him to Mass and the sacraments, and obliging him to say his prayers. I even succeeded in sending him to a Catholic school for a year or so before his First Communion. The assurance that he at least would be saved afforded me some consolation when I thought of the apostasy of his two elder brothers, and I began to hope more and more that his example and his prayers would bring about their conversion.

"To-day is his twenty-first birthday. He was permitted by the authorities of his university to spend the day at home. I knew there would be several presents beside his plate at dinner. I thought an open act of faith before his father and brothers might be productive of good results, therefore I bought a beautiful rosary and put it there along with the other gifts. When he took up the little box 'From Mother' and pressed the spring, the lid flew open and there was the rosary. His father and brothers were looking on, interested. When the box opened and displayed the rosary, I could see in their eyes how

they despised it. This was all just as I had expected, and here was where I had foreseen an occasion for my youngest son to make a quiet, dignified act of faith by his respectful handling of the rosary. But I saw—O God, be merciful to my soul and the souls for which I must give an account—I saw that *he despised it too*. He turned crimson as though his manhood had been disgraced before his father and brothers. A moment's silence—the color left his cheeks, his jaw set like a vise. He came and put his arm about my shoulder and tenderly kissed me. 'Darling little mother,' he said, 'you know how I love you and how I appreciate your efforts to give me pleasure, but remember that I am now a man like my father. Henceforth I renounce the superstitions of women and children.' Then he lifted up the rosary between his thumb and forefinger as though fearful of contamination and dropped it on the blazing coals." Here the poor woman's voice was choked in agony. For a few moments she struggled with her emotions, then, a wild, hunted look in her eyes, she sprang up and started for the door.

"O God," she cried, "how can I bear to live when all those in my own home despise me, and how can I dare to die when I must give an account to God for three apostate children! Oh, why was I so blind as to destroy my happiness for this world and the next by a mixed marriage!"

Father Casey was struck with a sudden idea.

"Mrs. Wigton," he said, "can you control your grief sufficiently to do a great act of charity? I have just used all my eloquence in a vain effort to dissuade one of the young women of my parish from marrying a non-Catholic. I shall call her in and you will warn her from your own bitter experience of the risk she runs."

"Father," she replied, "it would be useless. I know from my own experience that she would not heed me. When we are blinded by love we are all alike—all convinced that our own case will be the one happy exception out of a hundred miserable failures."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

TIME TABLE: *Earth to Heaven Road.* Departing Trains: "Wherefore be you ready, for at what hour you think not the Son of Man shall come."—Luke XII:10. "Behold, I come as a thief."—Apoc. XVI:15. "Watch ye, therefore, because you know not at what hour your lord will come."—Matt. XXIV:42. Anyone that misses his train can blame only himself. He was duly notified when to expect it to leave.

THE REFORMATION

THE NUCLEUS

Terms are treacherous things. So long have the words Reformation and Protestantism been used as synonyms that people generally regard them as convertible. Were it a question of terms only, there would be little reason for complaint, but words stand for facts in the minds of most men and for a long time the opinion was prevalent that the civilization of late centuries is the result of the sixteenth century revolution. There are young men even of today, graduates of high schools and state universities, who, while they are absolutely convinced of the truth of Holy Church, secretly believe that it is not a civilizing factor; that its civilization is mediaeval, not modern. It is worth while, therefore to glance at the elements of reform in Europe prior to or concomitant with the Protestant outbreak.

MISREPRESENTATION.

A few years ago a very ingenious writer in one of our popular magazines described a history of America written a thousand years hence and drawn exclusively from the comic sections of our Sunday papers. The grotesqueness of the picture only dawns on us when we realize that Hawkshaw and the Colonel are representatives of the secret service; that the Newlyweds, Nippy's Pop and Married Life are three stages of American infatuation; and the children range from Hans and Fritz and Bobby Make-Believe to Buster Brown and the Angel Child. Then the American physique! What beauties we mortals are! There the "missing link" seemed certain in Doc Yak and sundry others of like kin and reaches perfection in Mr. Starring. Such a history is preposterous. But let us suppose that this historian of our present times, writing in 2917, found our daily press to supplement the "comic sections". His history will be less grotesque but equally abnormal. Our chief executive is caricatured most fantastically; his actions are criticized, his policies condemned. Where is any evidence of loyalty and submissiveness to authority? Our judiciary seems farcical considering the few criminals to whom justice is meted out; property is in jeopardy from the union of vice and officialdom, as illustrated lately in Chicago, earlier in New York and others of the larger cities; life is insecure to judge from the bandits and lynchings sanctioned; society is ready to fall, as judged by the free speech and exercise of birth

control, sterilization, and the so great prevalence of vice that prenuptial physical examination has become common legislation. Is the picture of American society bettered by the knowledge gleaned from a scandal loving pressdom? We are 400 years removed from the split in Christendom, and it is surprising to note that writers are still drawing on the calumnious scandal-mongers' reports of the 16th century for their description of late mediaevalism.

It is in the very nature of things to find some nucleus of good even amidst great evil. To unfold that good is always difficult, for when people go about their business according to law no one takes much notice of it, whereas each violation of law or order wakes attention and comment. Not alone the daily papers are busied with the details of crime, but the annals of nations must consist of stories of wrong-doing. Such is the case in all times and places; what then must be the difficulty of presenting a truthful picture of an age which witnessed revolution in almost every department of life? Again the literature we possess relative to the life and manners of the time is vastly disproportionate in favor of scurrilous Humanists and (we say it in charity) lying Protestants. On this kind of source there has been an overdraw.

PARISH LIFE.

In spite of the oft-heralded corruption of the middle ages, religion exercised a profound influence over Christian peoples. This can hardly be shown to better advantage than in the parish organization. There all mutually helped to support a high idea of moral and religious practice and the congenial atmosphere created fostered a corporate unity and common brotherhood which centered in the Church with its rites and ceremonies. What Cardinal Gasquet cites from Cowper's "Accounts of the Churchwardens of St. Dunstans" is in its degree true of parish life throughout Europe: "From the font to the grave the greater number of people lived within the sound of the bells. It provided them with all the consolations of religion, and linked itself with such amusements as it did not directly supply." The government of the parish was very democratic, each adult having a vote in the government. It was but natural that in such a selfruled organization difficulties would arise and appeals be made to higher superiors, the bishops. When in course of time the bishops did not, or would not, distinguish between appeals made for justice sake and those made through love of litigation, abuses crept in and this was especially true when appeals to Rome

were made in unimportant cases, "the lesser causes" and the appeals were sustained. Besides it was difficult in early Renaissance times to clearly decide what constitutional rights the courts enjoyed over ecclesiastical authority as then established. Differences ensued at times between local ecclesiastical authority and the Holy See. But it is too much to conclude from this that the people and their pastors did not reverence the authority of the Pope. Railroad officials did not fail in loyalty because they did not fall in line with the Adamson law; hundreds of citizens who criticised the President's foreign policy will be the staunch upholders of his right when he sees fit to exact it.

Another feature of parish life which added greatly to contentment and good living was the establishment of guilds. Almost every parish had its guild. There were a great number of religious or social guilds corresponding very much with our modern confraternities. But the immediate objects of the great bulk of the guilds were mainly secular. And it is on closer examination of these that we can see how intimately religion and social or everyday life were united. A law of guild life in Germany read: "Let the societies and brotherhoods so regulate their lives according to Christian love in all things that their work may be blessed. Let us work according to God's law and not for reward, else shall our labor be without blessing and bring evil on our souls." The trade-marks they adopted always bore a religious character; each guild had its patron saint; each its statutes commanding Mass on Sundays and holydays and confession once, thrice or more times yearly. The spirit of solid piety which pervaded the guilds made sickly altruism and philanthropic charity unknown.

Connected with the guilds were workmen's clubs. Each member was supplied with employment and a place for his family. When sick, some master workmen had to care for him as he, when a master workman, must care for others. There was no pauperism in our modern sense. Each man had his appointment in the work-a-day world, and each was educated to fill it. This was the Church's solution of the social question of that day. A testimony of excellence of this solution Mr. H. Achenbach gives when speaking of the mines' guild. "No politician, no socialist of modern times can suggest a labor organization which will better accomplish the object of helping the laborer, elevating his position and maintaining fair relations between employer and employed." Had not Protestantism broken up Christian unity, would not Holy Church as efficaciously long since have solved the social problem?

PRIVATE LIFE.

It can be reasonably conjectured that in the exercise of these various duties, many complied through mere form. Judging from the repeated efforts of bands of the faithful protesting in word and in their manner of life against formalism, there must have existed, to some degree, what has vulgarly been called "externalism". The cry against this externalism arose as early as the 14th century and gave rise to the "Friends of God" in Germany. Some of these strove by word and example to inspire a more devout manner of living and gave themselves up to what is known as mysticism; others freeing themselves from all authoritative teaching surrendered themselves up to pantheistic beliefs, and others more moderate attributed the evils to the Church organization and were headed by men like Gerson and the Paris doctors. Though these elements flourished in the 14th, they lingered on through the 15th and formed the nucleus of the religious movements of the 16th century. The two latter formed the material of Protestantism, the first was the center which grew into the true reformation that culminated in the Council of Trent. With this element alone we are now concerned.

The true sentiment of piety can be seen in their *home life*. Florence was the city most noted for its laxity on account of its close connection with humanism and the notoriety of its disedifying princes, the Medici. Yet, thanks to booksellers like da Bisticci and Jacopo da Bergamo, many biographies have been preserved which portray types characteristic of the family life of the high and low. What lives can excel those of the Florentine Allessandra degli Strozzi or the prosperous merchant Datini, or the public official Belcari, or the ordinary layman like Morceli and Rusellai. And as Pastor notes "the extensive private correspondence of this period, fortunately preserved, proves that the pictures are not overdrawn". Nor was this spirit of piety confined to Italy. All know the home life of Blessed Thomas More; Luther is testimony against himself of the piety he destroyed: "That we are *now* so lazy and cold in the performance of good works," he preached in 1528, "is due to our no longer regarding them as a means of justification." Again in his "Hauspostille" he says: "In old days monasteries and churches were built with no regard for cost, now people won't even repair a hole in the roof that the minister may be dry". But to be more detailed. John Nieder, a Dominican of the 15th century speaking of the people

of his time, tells us: "that in Germany it was a custom with men and women, not only of the lower orders but in noble families, to set apart an hour each day to meditation on the benefits they owed to the sufferings of Christ, that they might be better prepared for the patient endurance of trials and the exercise of all the virtues". So we might go on indefinitely with evidences of a sincere piety which does much to narrow the limits of the vaunted externalism and to soften the much cried shibboleth "Reform in head and members".

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

It is not surprising that such a spirit of piety did exist. We have only to consider the religious spirit which pervaded the guilds to reasonably conclude what the spiritual instruction of the children *at home* must have been. Beyond this we know that the confession manuals were most popular. All these enjoin an examination on the Creed, the ten Commandments, and the Commandments of the Church. St. Antoninus recommends that children have the examination made for them on their specific duties. The daily prayers were made at home and in common and a glance at the prayer-books reveals the deep piety of the people. Home education is outlined by Dominici. "Children are to be trained first for God; secondly for their parents; thirdly for themselves; fourthly for their country; fifthly for the trials of life. The house should be adorned with pious pictures in order that the love of virtue, the love of Christ and the hatred of sin should be impressed upon the children's minds from the moment they begin to observe. The love of the Saints will lead them to love the Saint of Saints. The reading of Holy Scripture should be begun as soon as they are sufficiently prepared to understand it."

Nor was the child freed from religious impressions when he left home. Vittorino da Feltre has been given the title of "the first modern schoolmaster", and we know what emphasis he places on the moral and religious element in education. Dati, Ivani, Vigio and others of the period all strongly insist on the necessity of carrying out the precepts of Christian faith and morals in daily life. All followed da Feltre in making the schoolhouse "The Pleasant House", and the aim only indicates again how people were taught to closely connect faith with action, eternity with life. And in spite of a formal empty service found perhaps frequently enough, there always existed a spirit of deep piety dominating a large body of people.

FAILURE.

It may be asked if the world were as good as we have presented it how such a reaction against religion could have been effected in the sixteenth century. We must remember that in Renaissance times, the spirit of independence was characteristic. In civil affairs this independence took the shape of Nationalism. Protestantism, as was shown in the February *Liguorian*, was more political than religious. France remained Catholic because its national independence was better maintained by the exclusion of German Protestantism; Spain remained Catholic because its Nationalism was established previous to the religious revolt and was made on a Catholic basis; Christian I of Denmark used Protestantism to obtain absolute dominion over his princes and his people; Gustavus Vasa used Protestantism as a plea for the independence of Sweden; Elizabeth found in it a spurious legitimization; Italy did not accept Protestantism and became national by exclusion; and the Empire was and remained a strange conglomerate that was not nationalized for three more centuries. The higher nobility fell victims to the spirit of the time and regardless of law or order or religion settled their national existence. When that was achieved the better element of society was allowed again to express itself and it did not fail to do so in what has been called "The Counter Reformation".

T. F. KENNY, C. Ss. R.

PRIESTCRAFT

It happened in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in the city of Gaudalajara, Mexico. A young priest, David Galvan by name, was just making his thanksgiving after his Mass, said without server or attendant. It was the fifth anniversary of his priesthood, what he laughingly called his Wooden Jubilee. But today his heart was not so joyful. With his devotion sorrow mingled and vague dread and fear of unknown evils. Mexico, poor Mexico, that he loved—how was it like a flower growing in a hedgeless garden and trampled under foot by the cattle that strayed in from the roadside! And his poor people! How they suffered! Only yesterday he went by stealth into the home of one of his flock—for priestly ministrations were forbidden. Now as he knelt before the altar, the picture that he saw there came back vividly to his mind, so that he could hardly restrain his feeling. Again he saw the maimed body of the father of the family, disfigured in

death, with black, clotted blood marring his face, and staining his clothes. On a couch lay the mother, almost distraught with agony and dread, while two girls knelt beside their mother's couch. They had not even looked up as the priest entered.

"Good God," he had said to them, "what has happened?"

Only a moan from the woman on the bed answered him, and then, the silence of death.

"Assuncion," said the priest, calling one of the girls, "tell me!"

But Assuncion drew the covering over her head; the younger girl, Mercedes, crouched in the corner as if to hide herself.

"Carina," said the priest kindly, as he approached, "don't be afraid!"

"O Padre, don't come near!" sobbed the girl. "I can't look you in the face any more. O Dona de Guadalupe! How could you let it happen!"

What solace could there be for such sorrow! Padre Galvan woke as from a dream. He could have cried aloud, so deeply was his heart grieved by the remembrance of this scene. And now that the troop of Villistas had passed like a hurricane over the town, its inhabitants were not safe yet. Any day a new troop might come; any day, the Carranzistas might swoop down on them and then the carnage and the outrages would be renewed. The streets would flow again with blood, and honor be stifled in shame.

And here he knelt, helpless, powerless to do anything at all. He could not administer priestly help—that was a crime of treason; he could not administer solace even; could not even bring bread to the starving, for he himself had nothing. What was more, he knew his own life was not safe. The old Pastor had already been dragged off to prison, and here he knelt alone. He looked around in the deserted church: the organ silent; the confessionals broken; the altars desolate. On the main altar, he still dared to keep the Blessed Sacrament in case someone should come by stealth to receive his God, or in case he should be able to get to the home of some of his unfortunate people to give them the consolations of our Holy Religion, as he had managed to do the day before.

In the midst of his reveries, a peal as of thunder resounded, and the echo rolled over the town and reverberated from the hills beyond. He sprang to his feet and listened, as if guessing what it meant yet not wishing to admit it. Again the earth shook, and the walls of his church trembled. Then a crackling sound accompanied by a shrill

whistling noise. There was no mistake. His worst fears were realized. "O Mother of God!" he cried, "they are here again!"

A great fear seized him. What should he do? Wait till they would come and drag him off as they had done the old parish priest a few days ago? or even murder him here at the very foot of the altar? He was afraid to die now; he was afraid to fall into the hands of these brutes.

Suddenly a shell struck the steeple of his church, tore off the cross that surmounted it and cracked the beams on which the big bell hung. With a discordant bang the bell tore loose from the bolts, crashed through the roof of the church, and fell only a few steps from the priest. Horror-stricken and trembling like a leaf the frightened young priest ran toward the sacristy-door to look for some place of refuge.

"No, I can't remain here," he said to himself; they will surely come to the church first of all; I haven't the courage to meet them."

But then he thought of the Blessed Sacrament.

"I can't leave our Lord here alone. I shall consume the Sacred Hosts and take the chalice and ciborium with me."

So he did. With hurried reverence that could not stop the trembling of his hands or bring the color back to his pale cheeks, he took the Sacred Hosts that remained. For a moment he bent over the altar in prayer that was doubly fervent with fear and with love; then wrapping up the sacred vessels in the altar cloths, he tucked them under his arm and once more ran to find safety somewhere. As he came out of the sacristy into the little garden behind the church, a thought struck him: here would be a good place to hide the sacred vessels. Afar off he could hear the shouts of the wild lawless combatants, the roar of the cannon that almost deafened him and made the ground seem to reel and rock under his feet, the crash of houses tumbling into ruin as the shells tore through them, the intermittent rattle and whistle of the rifles and machine-guns; and from all around the cries of terror-stricken, terror-crazed people, and the moans of wounded and dying. Quickly as his hands could work, he dug a hole in the ground, into which he reverently put the sacred vessels.

"There now, they are safe," he thought to himself, "at least from sacrilegious hands."

Then he started off to save himself. He felt like a coward, to run thus from his church. But what good, he argued, would it do to stay? And perhaps, he thought, mother and brothers and sisters need me

more. For, not far down the street was his own home, toward which he now turned his steps. Slinking along in the shadow of the houses, darting from bush to bush, from house to house, at last he stood before the home where lived his mother, a widow, with her two boys and two girls. Father David was the oldest; the others were quite a bit younger. Already he could hear behind him the shouts of the victors, and the curses of the vanquished. Already men on bleeding steeds rushed by, hatless, blood-stained, in precipitate flight; and farther off he could hear the stampede of running men. Immediately he guessed that the local garrison was routed and the Carranzistas had captured the town.

He knocked violently at the door. Had he seen how his mother and the children within sprang up in fright at the sound, had he seen how they shrank back into the corner, the little ones clinging to their mother for protection, he would not have done so. They thought that their end had come—that the conquerors were breaking into their home. The mother signed the children with Holy Water. Meanwhile Padre David stood outside, each moment increased his danger, for each moment the surging mass of fighting, yelling, shooting Carranzistas was coming nearer.

"Mother, open!" he called aloud at last; "It's David, Padre David; open, or they will shoot me at the door."

"Listen, mother," said one of the boys; "It's Padre David at the door, calling; let me open it for him."

So saying he ran to the door, and as he opened it the young priest almost fell into the room, dazed with fear and terror. He was hardly inside when the main body of the retreating garrison passed the house in confused flight. The frightened family stood aghast.

It was too pitiable to look at. The ragged soldiers tore one another in their effort to escape, while every now and then someone was struck by a fatal bullet and fell, only to be trampled upon by the men that followed, pushed and pulled along blindly and helplessly as by a stream. When at last they had disappeared from view, the street was flowing with blood which gathered in pools around the body of some mangled, crushed victim of the battle.

The mother turned from the sight disgusted and drawing the children away with her, once more began the rosary which Padre David's arrival had interrupted. The young priest, however, remained at the window. As he looked out upon the dread scene, a change came over him. His fright seemed to pass away; his trembling ceased; the color

stole back to his face; a holy enthusiasm even made his countenance glow. Louder and louder and always more insistently, every bleeding body that lay out there on the street seemed to be calling out to him:

“Priest of God, come! We need you now!”

In a moment his mind was made up. He was a new man. Hurredly unfolding the little bundle he had brought with him, he took out a crucifix, which he hung round his neck, the vessels containing the Holy Oils, and a stole. Then he made for the door.

“David,” cried his mother, divining his intention, “what are you going to do?”

“I am needed out there, mother, the dying are calling me,” said the young priest.

“No, no; we need you too,” she cried in agony; “you must not go, David; it will mean your death!”

“I must go. It is my duty.”

“David,” answered the mother, planting herself between the door and her son, and holding him at arm’s length; “David, look at your younger brothers and sisters; see your mother! God sent you to us in this hour to be our protection. Will you leave us alone to face these ruffians?”

“Mother, I am a priest,” the young man responded, with high seriousness despite the huskiness that came into his voice. He did not trust himself to look at his mother but shaded his eyes with his hands as he spoke. “You gave me to God; He calls me now. My place is with the dying. He will take care of you and me.”

He drew one step nearer and laid his hand on his mother’s shoulder and repeated: “Mother, you understand, I know it; I must go!”

“Then,” she said softly, but with a mother’s firmness, “then, in God’s name, go! But give us your blessing, first. . . . Children, kneel!”

What a fervent blessing that was! If ever heaven was stirred by a child’s prayer it must have been then. The mother took holy-water and traced the sign of the cross on the priest’s forehead, and then herself opened the door for him. He hurried out without another word, his heart too full to speak; full, not with grief, but with the great resolve and courage that had mastered him now.

From one to another of the wounded men he hastened, kneeling in the blood by their side, pillowing those rough, unkempt heads on his knee while he spoke to them in few burning words of God, of Mary, of

their souls, of eternity. Rough, uncultured, denatured as these men had been by the lawless, aimless struggle of party against party, for no other purpose that they could see except robbery, rapine, and ruin, deep down in their hearts there seemed still to slumber the faith of their infancy ; and in the face of death, it flickered up and was kindled anew by the priest's words. And many a one, deceived, deluded, but now disillusioned, made his Confession to the young priest. He had forgotten all danger by this time. Intent only on one thing, his Father's business, he neither heard nor saw anything else.

Suddenly, from behind, someone seized him by the collar of his soutane and rudely pulled him back. The man that he had raised upon his knee fell to the pavement and died, while the words of absolution were broken on the priest's lips.

"A priest! A real priest!" shouted a half-dozen hoarse voices in derision, while guns and sabres were brandished over his head.

"Stand back!" ordered the leader of the band, whose revolver was still smoking.

"Who are you?" he continued, turning fiercely to the young priest.

"I am a priest, Padre —"

"You are a—traitor!" cried the man; "You are a—Villista! a robber of the poor!" Each time an ugly curse emphasized his epithets. "Show us your church!"

"There it is," said the priest pointing to it.

"Then bring us over to it and hand over to us all the money and valuables in it; they are the price of the blood of the poor whom you first deceive then grind under your heel!"

"There is neither money nor treasure in the church; you can see for yourself. The Villistas have already sacked it."

"You lie! You gave it to them! You are a rebel in league with them! But we'll find it, or you die.—Men, tie his hands!" His hands were roughly bound behind his back. "Now, lead on!"

Surrounded by a band of ruffians the priest led the way to his church. There his heart bled to see the men ruin what still remained of the church's ornaments: the statutes hacked to pieces, the tabernacle pried open and shattered; the rage of the men growing as they perceived that they were baffled in their hope of finding precious booty. At last they came back to Padre Galvan. The leader was so furious he could have hacked the young priest to pieces.

"Where are the treasures of the church?"

"There are none," said Padre David; "the old parish priest had to pay the last cent as ransom to the Villistas, and then was allowed to die in prison."

"Search him, men!" commanded the outlaw captain.

They fell to their work so roughly that they almost tore his soutane to shreds. But one man pulled out of the priest's pocket the vessel with the Holy Oils, which he had used in giving Extreme Unction to the dying men on the street. There the search ended at once. The oil-stock glittered like gold and the finder held it aloft delightedly; it was the first bit of gold they had seen and every one tried to be master of it. But the fierce leader snatched it from the soldier's hand.

"What's this!" he snarled; "more of that —— idolatrous trickery that blinds the people!" He threw it to the ground and fired his revolver at it, splintering it.

"Now," he continued, holding the smoking revolver up to the priest, "will you talk? Tell us where you have your money! You have one chance!"

"I have no money," replied the priest, "none except a few pennies in my pocket. If I had any I would give it to you if only you would let me take care of the wounded men."

"Enough! What were you doing on the street?"

"Helping the dying."

"You were giving the sacraments, were you?"

"Yes."

"How do you dare to give the sacraments, when you know that an order of the government has forbidden it?"

"Because an order of God commands us to give the sacraments to the dying."

"Damn your God!"

"God be praised!" said the priest fearlessly. He himself marvelled at his calmness. A blow from his captor made him stagger and fall to one knee. But he rose quickly.

"Men," said the leader, stepping aside, "set him up against the wall of the church and let him die like a cur."

"But he hasn't told us where the money is!" they cried in chorus.

"If you can get it from him, get it; at any rate he must die."

Six men formed around him and marched him out of the church. His hands being already bound they placed him against the wall of his own church.

"The money!" shouted one man wildly; "tell us where the money is!"

"I have none; you are deceived. What I have, I give you. Take my watch, and the few pennies in my pocket and divide them among you. It is all I own. Then do your work. I forgive you from my heart. You are obeying the orders of your leader; so am I obeying the orders of my Master, God."

The six men stepped away a few yards from the priest; then levelled their guns at him. Only five muzzles, however, gleamed at the priest; the sixth man turned away. Five guns cracked and the noble young priest died, on the fifth anniversary of his ordination.

When the five men returned to the church, the sixth one waited till they disappeared within. Then he went up to the body of the martyred priest. He took up the bloody soutane and kissed it.

"Ah," he said half aloud, "if they deceived us, would they die for their duty? O noble priest, if you could only hear me now!" But he was dead.

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

THE ANNUNCIATION

ST. LUKE 1, 31-32.

Once a single word was spoken: Fiat, Let it be. And lo, this vast universe blazed into existence. And in speechless awe we bow before our God so great and wise. Another Fiat was humbly whispered in a modest home of Nazareth, by a virgin pure and fair. And who will tell its stupendous results?

There was a famous painter, Stasicrates. All the artists of his day vied with one another in painting the portrait or chiselling the statue of Alexander the Great, their hero and benefactor. One day Stasicrates approached Alexander with this offer: "I will make you a statue worthy of your fame. Its foundation shall be so solid that it will last as long as the world itself; its dimensions so enormous that all succeeding ages will marvel; its beauty so exquisite that it will fascinate all the nations yet to people this earth. I will chisel Mt. Athos into one gigantic statue of yourself; its towering head will bring heaven to earth; its foot will link our homes with the palaces of the gods; in its right hand I will set an enormous shell vast as a sea, and in its left a city will nestle safe and secure. That shall be a memorial of your grandeur and an emblem of your rule." Impossible! Let the brightest genius of earth bend to the task, let armies of slaves be chained to tools and engines; let them ponder and labor for ages, and what will they achieve? What, in comparison with the Fiat of God that created the numberless stars! What, in comparison with the Fiat of Mary that brought God to earth, when the Word took flesh and became like to us; when seas and lands were spanned by an empire of saints and the household of heaven was thronged by the blessed children of God! Surely a monument worthy of God's love and an emblem of the Virgin's grandeur!

Blessed Virgin. "And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God." He noticed that her features were drawn in thought, for "she was troubled at his saying" (v. 29).

Hence he bids her *not to fear*. Men might well fear in presence of a visitor from the other world, for guilt of sin ever whispers of an offended God. But Mary's fear was only the perplexity of a finite mind in presence of a message from the infinite abyss of God's mysterious wisdom; the confusion of a saint whose lowly estimate of self is startled by the homage of an angel; the joyful awe of a seraph laying down his golden crown at the foot of God's throne in heaven. Fear not; rather rejoice for an inexpressible favor awaits you. Out in the wintry fields, angels bade the shepherds not to fear for they were bringing them tidings of great joy. In the temple an angel bade Zachary not to fear, for a child would be born to him, and in his birth many would rejoice. So Mary should not fear, for the greatest of all joys was hers: she had *found grace* with God! Speak to a saintly soul of the wealth and bliss of earth and she will disdain them all. But speak to her of God's favor, let that message come by an angel's lips, and she is beside herself with happiness. Noe found grace before the Lord (Genesis VI, 8) and in the days of the Flood he was saved with all his family and lived to continue the human race on earth. Moses found grace with God (Exodus XXXIII, 17) and God was with him and showed him His Glory and led the people out of the wilderness in signs and wonders. David found grace before the Lord (Acts VII, 46) and he was anointed king of God's chosen people and the spirit of God came upon him. Esther found grace with king Assuerus and he promised her half his kingdom and freed her people from the sentence of death. And now Mary finds grace with God,—and how may we measure its intensity? What creature ever explored the length and breadth, the height and depth of that boundless world of God's love for Mary, and the grace she found with Him? When the children of Israel were still in the desert Moses sent out spies to enter the Promised Land, to explore it and bring back an account of their findings. They searched the country from end to end and were at a loss how to describe the wealth they found. "They cut off a branch with its cluster of grapes, which two men carried on a lever. They also took of the pomegranates and of the figs of that place. And when they returned, all the people assembled to hear their account and they said: "We came into the land to which thou sentest us, which is in very deed flowing with milk and honey, as may be seen by these fruits." And see: before us hovers an angel. He has come from the Promised Land of heaven; to him were communicated the mysteries of God's love for Mary. And what is his report? Mary shall have a son who is truly God; she shall have a kingdom and a household which is the kingdom and household of God; she shall be Mother of God and of men. Lo, the branch with its cluster of grapes!

Mother of God. The angel himself seems staggering under its weight; for when he again begins to speak, he can only say: "Behold!" as if he were pointing to the vision of something that baffled expression.

Truly a Mother. "Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a son." He could find no terms to state her motherhood more plainly. These same words were used of Hagar the mother of Ismael, and of Samsons mother. Of course they also convey an allusion to the words of Isaias who foretold that the Messias would be born of a virgin-mother; the amazement of the angel are best understood in view of this miracle; the explanations he will make in answer to Our Lady's next question;—all go to assure us of her spotless virginity. But for the present, we only stop to notice, that no title is so frequently given to Mary, in the Gospel, as that of "Mother of Jesus". When the Gospels and Epistles speak of Our Lord as the Son of David according to the flesh, this again supposes the truth of Our Lady's motherhood. When Our Lord so often calls himself the Son of Man, he again confesses the same relationship to Mary. True Our Lord protests that he will regard as brother and sister and

mother all who do His will and live by His faith. But Mary was all this; and incomparably more. She alone was asked for her consent when God was to take flesh. She alone was the chosen one from whom He took the flesh which He offered for our salvation on Mt. Calvary. She alone was privileged to clasp Him in her arms and care for Him as He grew up in wisdom, age and grace. With all *a mother's rights*: "And thou shalt call His name Jesus." Giving the name was an exercise of parental authority; and this one act was a warrant and sanction for all the rest. She is thus accorded the dignity and privilege of motherhood. A child's name was sometimes given by the mother as, in the fourth chapter of Genesis, Eve gives their names to Cain and Seth; sometimes by the father, as in the same chapter, v. 26, where Seth names his son Enos; sometimes both parents concur in giving the name as in the case of St. John the Baptist related in Luke I, 60-63; sometimes even the father gave one name while the mother gave another, as was the case in Genesis XXXV 18, where Rachel calls her son Benoni, while Jacob gives him the name of Benjamin. At all events, we see that God accords her all the rights of mother; and throughout the course of the Gospel story we meet her in full possession of her authority. At Nazareth, He was subject to them; at Cana, we meet the triumph of a mother's prayer; at Calvary we see the triumph of her love. *Mother of God*: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High." In v. 15 it is said of St. John the Baptist: "He shall be great before the Lord." And immediately the reason for his greatness is added: "He shall drink no wine, nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb; and he shall convert many of the children of Israel." How differently the greatness of Our Lord is described! He shall be conceived of the Holy Ghost; He shall be King where St. John is only the herald; St. John is mere man, while Our Lord is true God and shall be known and worshipped as such. Men honor the mothers of great men; but how high is the Mother of God exalted above them all! It is told of a mother of old, who prided herself on her sons. When a friend called on her to see her jewels, she beckoned her children to come and showed them saying: "Diamonds and pearls and gold are of no account to me; here is my only treasure." They were the Gracchi so famous in the history of Rome. But what are they compared with God? And Mary is the Mother of God! Holy Writ praises the mother of the Macchabees: "Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day and bore it with a good courage." But what are her seven sons in comparison with that one Son of Mary? Jesus Christ, true God! Were she mother of saints and angels, how shabby an exchange for her true Son: Our Lord and God!

Mother of Men. She deserves this title by right of biblical usage, by her relations to Our Lord and His relations to us, in virtue of this very passage.

I. Whom does *Holy Writ* style "mother" and why? Take the instance of Eve. "And Adam called the name of his wife Eve; because she was the mother of all the living." (Genesis III 20). Eve made over to us this bodily life, a life of misery on earth, a life stricken with the blight of sin. Mary on the other hand gave us Jesus Christ the life of our souls, life eternal, and replaced the curse by overflowing grace. Is she not entitled Our Mother by far better right? And Abraham? To him was it said: "Neither shall thy name be called any more Abram; but thou shalt be called Abraham, because I have made thee a father of many nations." It was the reward of his faith that earned for him the honor of being called "Father of the faithful". And was not Mary's faith extolled as highly and rewarded even more magnificently? Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost when she said: "Blessed art thou hast believed; because those things shall be accomplished, that were spoken to thee by the Lord." And then Debbara. Many a year had Israel been sorely oppressed "till Debbara arose, a mother arose in Israel." And so she won the title of mother because she contributed to Barak's victory. And did not Mary concur in a far more brilliant victory over a far more powerful foe, in victory that concerns us far

more nearly? Mary's motherhood extends to all who are redeemed including Eve herself who needed the grace of redemption and the Life of her soul. 2. We may look at this truth from another angle: *Our Lord's relation to us.* "For as the body is one and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ." (1 Cor. XII, 12 and 27). "Now you are the body of Christ, and members of member." Grace unites us so closely with Christ that we are, in a way, incorporated with him and live by His life. Just in the measure in which we are united with Him, do we become Mary's children. Now grace is something actual and real. And just so do we become actually and really the children of Mary. Our childhood in her regard is not merely a figure of speech; it is not merely an adoptive childhood in which the adoptive mother gives nothing save her love and care; to her we owe a real and true regeneration to a life of grace in union with Christ. 3. If we look closer at the *context* in our present passage we shall see how much we owe her. The context treats of Christ's kingdom and household; and let us see in what relation the Blessed Virgin is placed to it. a) Examine its *origin*: "And the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David." The angel has already promised her a son; but the Son will not be born ere she give her consent. So the angel now speaks of a kingdom to be given in the near future; but its giving will not become a fact till she consent to it. Both the Son and the Kingdom are expressly proposed to her; both become the objects of her Fiat and her consent. Not as if her word became directly creative and effected all this singly; no, but at her consent the Power of the Most High will do all these wonders. Never did such vast results hang in the balance and await the word of human lips. God did not have to act thus; but He freely chose this course. He wished it fully and clearly recorded in Holy Writ, that all may know how the birth of the Son and the birth of His kingdom are realized only after her assent. As the birth of her Son was followed by the exercise of her motherly authority in His regard; so will she also develop a mother's influence in the kingdom. A mother's office does not cease with the birth of her child; then her devotion becomes all the more manifest. So when this new kingdom is called into being in consequence of her consent, she will not pass from view, will not be condemned to neglect and oblivion. No, she will continue as mother and Queen. She will present her Child to the shepherds and the Magi; she will induce Him to work His first miracle even though His time had not yet come. She will open the floodgates of grace, and when she shall visit Elisabeth and St. John they will be filled with the Holy Ghost and thus the herald of the kingdom will be sent upon his errand; she will be with the assembled Apostles when the Holy Ghost shall descend in fulness and they be sent out to spread the kingdom over all the world. Holy Writ shows her in full exercise of her queenly rights. b) Now glance at the *nature* of this kingdom. "God shall give Him the throne of David his father." By this is not meant the earthly kingdom of David, though it stretched from the river to the sea; that were small indeed. Here is meant that kingdom promised by a long line of prophets: "A child is born to us and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God, the Mighty, Father of the world to come, and the Prince of peace. His empire shall be multiplied and there shall be no end of peace. He shall sit upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom to establish it and to strengthen it with judgment and with justice from henceforth and forever." (Isaias IX, 6-7). It shall then be a kingdom of God, of peace and of justice or holiness; and here Mary is Queen. It is the kingdom of David who pardoned Saul repeatedly; who welcomed the poor and the outcast and the refugee; a kingdom of mercy. We know how Solomon honored his mother and placed her on a throne at his right. (3 Kings II 20). Will Our Lord love his Blessed Mother less? c) And who are the *subjects* in this kingdom? "And he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever." The house of Jacob the patriarch was the well-spring of God's chosen people; hence came the twelve sons as fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel. So it became customary to regard Jacob, or the house of Jacob, as a symbol of the Church of God and type of the Church of the New Testament; God calls himself the God of Jacob; and invites all nations to join with Jacob, that is with the true Church. Thus Isaias in ch. II. says: "And many peoples shall go

and say: Come let us go up to the mountains of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall come from Sion and the word of God from Jerusalem." Then in v. 5 he continues: "O house of Jacob, come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord!" Again and again the house of Jacob is pointed out as the center round which all nations will gather, as the home they will enter. (Isaias, XLIV, 5 and XLIX, 6). The kingdom will be a kingdom of love and affection, a kingdom pervaded by the spirit of the household and home. And this household is also dependent on Mary's consent. Here too will she be granted the dignity of mother which Our Lord himself acknowledged in Nazareth, which St. John so joyfully accepted at the foot of the cross. The very title "house of Jacob" reminds us of the fact that it was a mother's care that brought this house into existence. Were there not the two brothers: Jacob and Esau? Esau was the elder and had all earthly claim to the honors of the first-born. Yet God had decided that "the elder shall serve the younger." (Gen. XXV 23). Who secured this honor for Jacob, when humanly speaking all chances seemed to favor Esau? It was his mother Rebecca. If our Lord is the first-born among many brethren, if He delights to call us brothers, if we, too, may speak of Him as Joseph's brothers once spoke of him: "He is our brother and our flesh." (Gen. XXXVII 27), it is Mary our Mother who forms the link of union. d) What is to be the *duration* of this kingdom? "And of his kingdom there shall be no end." No, nor of Mary's queenship either. All the virtues of the saints on earth are but the fruits of the grace she brought them through Jesus Christ her Son. All the songs of the blessed in heaven are but echoes of her fiat which brought them the Lamb that was slain for them. When the Saints and Angels sing the love and praise of Our Lord who died for love of them, they will also praise her who suffered with Him, who gave Him the weapons with which He achieved his victory: His Flesh and Blood.

JOHN ZELLER. C. Ss. R.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

A fifth principle which we must ever bear in mind in our Christian life, is that which quickened the courage of Captain Lawrence on Lake Erie, the principle of indomitable courage, the spirit which made him say, as he was carried mortally wounded from the deck of his burning frigate: "Don't give up the ship!" Never be disheartened when you see that your efforts to acquire a certain virtue which you covet, fail.

To give up, would be the devil's gain.

"Our sanctification," said St. Philip Neri, an expert at sanctity, "is not the work of a day." No great thing is accomplished in a day. In the lives of the wise old Fathers of the Desert, we read of a certain young man, who joined the monastery with great fervor, but by degrees slackened and grew cold. Realizing it, however, he wished to return to his former fervor. But, to his sorrow, he found that this was not as easy as he had imagined; so that, he was about to give up in despair, when he chanced to meet a venerable old monk. To him he proposed his difficulty and asked him for advice. "Listen, my friend," said the old man kindly, "that reminds me of a story. A certain man com-

manded his son to clear a field of the thorns and thistles and weeds that grew rank upon it. The son stood there awhile, looking at the field, walked the length of it and back again, and at the thought of all the work it would take to clear that immense field, he simply lost all courage. 'It's too much,' he said; and sat down to brood over it, without even laying hand to the work. At length the father returned, inquiring how he was getting along. 'It's too much for me,' said the son, excusing himself. 'My son,' said the father, 'I do not ask any more of you than that you clear, each day, a space as big as yourself.' The son laughed and set to work, and as he worked his courage grew, and soon the whole field was cleared.

Now, just such a field overgrown with weeds our life seems to be, and holiness a work altogether too great for us when we contemplate the whole at once. But if constantly set on making progress, we bravely battle, day by day, each little difficulty as it comes, seize each opportunity for good, use each little grace as it is given, we will see the weeds of vice vanish and the flowers of virtue multiply, until we reach perfection.

Why, St. Bernard even says: "Such constant striving of a soul for perfection, is perfection, it is holiness."

There you are! Put your hands to work, and never lose courage. Never neglect your customary pious exercises, your prayers, your good works, your acts of virtue, your Holy Communions; let no feeling of dryness or disgust make you unfaithful. For that is the proof of love and good will: if despite darkness and dryness and trouble, we push forward faithful to our resolves, persevering in our efforts.

Don't give up the ship—today!

—*Adapted from St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Do not reject that impulse to give of your earthly possessions to some worthy cause of Christian charity. It may come from that dear departed one whose goods you have inherited. Perhaps this act of charity is required to repair some injustice which he has unwittingly done, and on account of which he still languishes in the prison of purgatory.

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from your hand no worthy action done."

Catholic Anecdotes

REBUKING A KING

The timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for profanity. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink with him. On an oath which the king uttered while drinking, the soldier remarked:

"I am sorry to hear a young gentleman swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said:

"I'll pay part of this, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long afterward the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word". Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the subject and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked:

"There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it!"

A WISE SUGGESTION

A story is told of a man who once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation. The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop. "If one drop is spilled," said the king, "your head shall be cut off," and he ordered two executioners to walk behind the man and carry out his orders. There happened to be a fair going on in the town and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful and he returned to the king without having

spilled one drop of the oil. "Did you see anybody while you were walking through the street?" "No, sir," said the man. "I was thinking only of the oil. I noticed nothing else." "Then," said the king, "you notice how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. Then you will not commit sin."

ST. JOSEPH HELPS

Two little children, a boy and a girl, were returning from the children's Mass and catechism on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. The pastor had spoken to them of the power and goodness of the great Patriarch, and recommended them to put their trust in him, to invoke him in all their trials and necessities, assuring them of his ever ready protection. The children rode home with a crowd of other passengers in a hack. One by one the passengers got off, until the two little ones were the sole occupants of the hack. After a while the little boy, who was about seven years old, went to the driver and begged to be permitted to drive. The good-natured man consented, but presently the mule stumbled, gave a jerk, and little Robert was thrown violently forward, under the feet of the animal, the hack passing over him. In falling, he exclaimed: "Good St. Joseph, save me!" The frightened driver hastened to stop the hack, scarcely daring to look back, when the voice of the little fellow rose clear and strong: "Oh, I am not hurt! Dear St. Joseph saved me!" There he stood without a scratch or tear, brushing off the dust, and trying to straighten his little straw-hat. The hat was completely crushed. St. Joseph probably wished to show us what would have been the condition of the little boy's body, but for his all powerful interposition.—*Ave Maria.*

"GO TO JOSEPH"

One cold winter like the present, a certain workman in a factory in one of our great cities was reduced to the severest straits. He was laid off, and his family suffered much from want. He applied for work, but everywhere in vain. Debts accumulated and matters went from bad to worse. One day, reading some devotional book, he happened to see what wonderful help St. Joseph at times gives his devout clients. He hurried to the church, approached the altar, and inspired by the benign image of the Saint, prayed fervently to the foster-father of Jesus, and

placed his need before him. He never dreamt how soon his prayers would be heard. He had returned home but a short time, when a letter came offering him work. And he has never been out of a position since.

ALL THAT REMAINED

It was seen hobbling down a flight of steps slashed and torn to shreds. Barely enough was left to hold the shreds together. So curiosity was aroused.

"What are you?" it was asked, "and how came you in such horrible condition?"

"I am a reputation," the wreck replied, "and I have just come from a bridge-whist party."—Hartford *Cath. Transcript*.

HIS FAVORITE HOUR

Some years ago there died in Münster a well-known and revered priest named Kellermann. One night he received an urgent sick-call. He hurried out to the house designated, but found everyone there asleep. And the people of the house assured him that there was no one sick there, and that no one had sent for him. Father Kellermann returned to his home puzzled: But scarcely had he lain down to rest, when again there was a violent rapping at the door, and a voice called him insistently to hurry back to the very same house. He asked his sexton to accompany him, and set out in answer to the call. Again he was informed that no one was sick in the house. There was nothing to be done except to return home. He had not yet reached his home, when of a sudden he felt himself in the clutch of a hand that held him firmly, while a voice spoke distinctly, so as to be heard by the sexton, imploring him to hasten once more to the same house—there was no time to lose.

A third time then, the priest came; and now, at last, someone recalled, that way up on the top floor of the building, an old widow, who lived a completely retired life, occupied a lonely room.

This must be it, thought the priest, and hurried up the rickety steps. As he opened the door, the old woman cried: "Thank God that you have come!"

When she had made her confession and received the Sacraments

of the dying, the priest asked her: "Tell me, my dear woman, did you often pray for a happy death?"

"Yes," she answered, "every day I prayed to St. Joseph to secure that favor for me, that I might die a happy death. . . . See that prayer book beneath my pillow—there you'll find the prayer I used to say."

Deeply moved, the good priest took up the well-thumbed book, saying: "Now then, let us thank St. Joseph for his intercession; for it must have been he that called me three times tonight; and let us say the prayer together as a thanksgiving."

As they finished the prayer, the good old widow closed her eyes forever.

HIDDEN FORCES

One bright summer morning in Italy, a young man, evidently belonging to a noble family was taking a walk along a country road. He chanced to meet an old lady, who bore about her all the traces of direst poverty. The kind heart of the young nobleman was deeply moved. He went over to the old lady and with a few kind words gave her all the money he had with him. The poor woman, touched by the gift and still more by the manner with which it was given, thanked him effusively and promised to say her beads each day, that God might make a priest of the young man.

Years rolled by, and the young nobleman really became a priest. And so good a priest was he, that he was later made Bishop and then Cardinal. At last, he rose even higher. The old lady did not live to see the complete answer to her grateful rosaries, but you and I knew that young nobleman as Leo XIII, one of the greatest Popes that ever governed the Church.

Were the silent prayers of the poor woman so important a factor in God's providence over his Church?

THE FOSTER-FATHER'S CARES

The Venerable Servant of God, Mary of Jesus, who was abbess of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Agreda in Spain, once had a vision in which she seemed to hear Our Lady herself declare that the intercession of St. Joseph is a mighty and efficacious means of sal-

vation. Among the gifts, which, as foster-father of Christ, he is wont to bestow on all imitators of Christ and his faithful clients, are: Purity and victory in all temptations of the flesh; powerful graces to abandon the state of sin and to return to God's friendship; the special favor of Mary, his pure spouse, and true devotion to her; the grace of a good death and protection against the devil in that dread hour; health of body and help in all kinds of needs and trials; and a ready response whenever we call on him for aid.

AND YET THEY SHOUT

A Protestant chaplain home on a furlough from the Mexican border, is quoted as saying to a priest of his acquaintance:

"Father, I have never in my life wished that I was a Catholic priest until now. I feel that the only man that can do any good in the army is the priest. Last Sunday I had only one hundred at my service; the Catholics were on their knees by the thousands close by; and nothing impressed me more than the piety and devotion manifested. I had to return home because some few of my parish had criticized me for going with the troops as they thought it unnecessary. But if ever the presence of a minister was needed it was there among so many men away from the influence of home.

"My eyes have been opened to the Patriotism of the Catholics. I went there narrow and I must confess, bigoted. But after what I have seen from you Catholics, I have become as broad as the Atlantic Ocean; and I take off my hat to you. I am a member of all the patriotic organizations in my town—organizations which are always preaching Americanism and patriotism, yet out of all these we had only six recruits."—*Ave Maria.*

AN ERROR CORRECTED

A Catholic resident of Rome while traveling in Switzerland, visited the ancient church of St. Peter in Geneva, which had long years since been profaned by the Calvinists. At a certain point of the nave, the guide halted and said:

"This is the place where the confessionals were; we have had them removed because everyone knows very well that confession was an invention of the Popes and monks of the Middle Ages."

"Have you ever been in Rome, my dear sir?" asked the tourist.

"No."

"That is very evident. I live in Rome, and if you will come there, I will show you confessional in the Catacombs which were used in the times of the Apostles. In the future you will spare yourself ridicule by forbearing to repeat senseless remarks you may have heard."

"THE VALIANT WOMAN"

In the Book of Proverbs we read of one of the most famous women in the world—whose story has been told for thousands of years. What great deed merited for her this renown? Did she go out to the battle-field like Debora to put her country's foe to flight? Or did she pierce the brow of a Sisara, like Jekel? Or did she slay a mighty Holofernes like Judith? For what deed of power is she called the "valiant woman"? On closer examination I find that her mighty deeds consisted in spinning. "She hath sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands"; in procuring wool and flax and keeping the lamps at night. "She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor." And that was enough to make her holy. She did her duty well, or, better said, perfectly.

DESTROY THE ENEMY!

A story is told of a Chinese Emperor, who was preparing a campaign against some conspirators who had risen in revolt in a distant province of his empire. Said the Emperor to his princes and chieftains: "Sirs, follow me! We will destroy our foes!"

A fierce struggle followed, in which the conspirators were completely overthrown, and all fell into the Emperor's hands. Now the Emperor's officers waited to see what terrible revenge he would wreak upon the rebels. To their amazement, however, he received the culprits with great friendliness.

"Did not your Majesty," asked one, "promise to destroy your enemies and the enemies of the land? Why will you not keep your royal word?"

"I promised indeed," replied the wise Emperor, "to destroy my foes. So I have. I have made them *friends*."

Pointed Paragraphs

"KILL THE STORY"

It is customary for a city to raise some public monument or dedicate some public building to the memory of a citizen of whom it is justly proud. This cannot benefit the dead man, but it will inspire the living to emulate his noble example. For this reason Dr. Clemensen proposed to name one of the new Chicago Public Schools after the late Dr. Murphy. The Chicago School Board rejected the proposition. Not because Chicago has not reason to be proud of Dr. Murphy, for none can deny that he ranked among the first in the land as a surgeon, scientist, and philanthropist. Then why? *Because Dr. Murphy was a Catholic.*

In a speech before the Chicago School Board Dr. Clemensen delivered a scathing denunciation of the men who could be so mean and small as to abuse a public trust to discriminate against a fellow-citizen on account of his religious belief. What a spicy story this for a sensation-hungry press! Yet, so far as we can learn, every paper in Chicago suppressed the speech. And still there are Catholics who wonder why we insist that the daily press does not do justice to the Catholic cause!

BIRTH CONTROL

There is one, and only one, lawful and certain measure of birth control: Voluntary continence practised by mutual consent. Everyone is well aware of this measure, the poor quite the same as the rich. Then wherefore all this tommyrot about teaching birth control to the poor? It means that they wish to teach unlawful means, means that are against the laws of nature and nature's God, means that are condemned by the conscience of every clean-minded man or woman, means that bring down a curse upon the home where they are practised, sow discord and distrust in the hearts of husband and wife, and bring dissension and divorce into so many childless or almost childless homes. These are the means advocated by the notoriety seeking woman in New York who went on a hunger strike until her appetite got the better of her; these are the means at present urged by hysterical busybodies upon the legislature of Iowa. That such persons should spread these doctrines does

not surprise us, but when we read of the *Reverend* David Fonce of the First Reformed Church teaching this criminal practice to his people we are strongly reminded of the "abomination of desolation standing in the holy place".

PERPETUAL YOUTH

Dr. Wiley says that science will find a way to stop the decay of the tissues which causes old age.

In these days people want sensational reading, and the press tries to give them what they want. But it is deplorable that a learned man like Dr. Wiley should so far forget the judicial moderation befitting his profession as to cater to the vulgar demand. Dr. Wiley knows full well that science is mute and helpless in the presence of cancer, infantile paralysis, and a thousand other accidental ills; in his heart he must understand how improbable it is that science will ever be able to resist an ill so essential to mortal man as the decay of old age.

USELESS OPPOSITION

Prohibition is coming on apace. While we may not approve of this curtailment of personal liberty we all know that prohibition laws sanely framed and honestly enforced will prevent at least a few ruined lives and blighted homes. Rather than stubbornly persevere in impotent opposition to the inevitable, would it not be better for us to take an intelligent part in the framing of these laws in order that they may work as little hardship as possible to self-controlling and temperate citizens, especially that they may leave intact the right to procure wine necessary for the Holy Sacrifice?

LENTEN DAYS

There is no poetry in hungry forenoons, fish dinners, long, gloomy faces, and an apparently immeasurable space of monotonous existence before the next dance. Is that what Lent means to you? But there *is* poetry in crucifying your flesh and keeping it in subjection, that it may not drag down your God-like soul to base carnal things, but rather that it may be fitted to rise one day glorified in imitation of the glorified body of Christ and to share with your soul a happy immortality. There is poetry, sublime, inspiring poetry, in following the blood-stained foot-

steps of the Saviour along the Way of the Cross, confident that the summit of Calvary is very near to the portals of heaven, and that the deep darkness of Good Friday will be dissipated by the splendors of Easter Morn.

BRISBANE'S ONLY REMEDY

Mr. Arthur Brisbane writes: "The greatest enemy and the only efficient enemy of vice and foolishness in its various forms is education. The public schools, that represent real and efficient and widespread education, as no other teaching does, are the greatest reliance of the nation, the safeguards against folly".

It is clear from the foregoing that Mr. Brisbane, "the world's highest salaried editorial writer", calls "education" the godless instruction imparted in the public schools. And he says that this education is the *only* efficient enemy of vice. Did Mr. Brisbane never hear of the religion of Jesus Christ? Does he consider that no efficient enemy of vice? He says that the public schools are "the greatest reliance of the nation"! What a joke he must count our national motto: "In God We Trust". If the public schools are "the greatest reliance of the nation", then God help the nation!

MARCH THE NINETEENTH

In all ages the laboring man needs a friend. In the pages of history he will find few truer friends than St. Joseph, the lowly carpenter of Nazareth. Labor is a punishment for sin, and as such, it will always be painful to human nature. Unhappy the man who must labor, and who expects no other return than the miserable material wage offered him for the expenditure of his vital powers! But thanks to the example of St. Joseph, millions of Christian men have gone bravely to their daily toil conscious that, like him, they were near to Jesus and Mary, and that their real wage would be a share in those unspeakable joys which the lowly saint has already experienced for nineteen centuries. If there is any day in all the year that the laboring man has a special right to call his own it is March the Nineteenth, the feast of St. Joseph, husband of Mary and foster father of Jesus Christ.

Things were cheaper when we were younger; but did we get any more?—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

At last one of our daily papers has dared to break the spell and say a word about the true state of affairs in Mexico. The Chicago *Tribune* has published the following: "Why does the sympathy of our Americans exhaust itself upon distant lands? On and beyond our southern border are conditions which call forth the sympathy, and might call forth the action, of Europe, if Europe were not engaged in war. Mexico is outraged by forces which we could put entirely under our control. There have been more proved cases of rape and murder in Mexico than there have been reports of atrocities in Belgium. There is more slavery in Mexico than there could be in Belgium if the Germans were the worst their enemies describe them to be. Belgium is a pleasant, well fed, protected country compared with Mexico. Mexico is half-starved and semi-brutalized. Its towns are looted and burned. Its people are tortured, burned, and shot. A probability of railroad travel is that the train will be dynamited, and, while the coaches burn, the passengers will be used as targets for the rifles of ragged cavalry-men. The means of subsistence are destroyed in raids. Cattle and sheep are taken from the peon to feed the lawless soldiery. The poor and ignorant owner of an abode hut sees his small lands laid waste, the women of his family carried away, and his few animals destroyed or stolen. A Mexican who could be given a hut in Belgium under German administration and in the lean times of war would think that he was as fortunate as an American speculator who had made a hundred thousand dollars in war stocks. Mexico is in indescribably worse condition than Belgium. If the people cannot make their case attractive to sympathy it is only because they are so dulled by the expectation that tomorrow will be worse than today, so used to hunger and so acceptive of outrage, so ignorant and deadened that they do not think anyone would care to hear about their case or that anyone would act if the facts were known.

"Sentimentally we are outraged at what Germany has done to the Belgians. Sentimentally we are wholly indifferent to what the United States Government has done to its own soldiers and what it permits to happen to the Mexicans. It would be impossible to have a successful benefit in Chicago for either the starving Mexicans or the impoverished families of national guardsmen who are serving on the border. We do not object to what is done for suffering abroad, but a straight-thinking

American must resent the indifference to conditions of which we are the cause. Mexico is our own problem. This nation, as the nation able to correct conditions, is the nation responsible for Mexico. The suffering there is our own crime. The distress of our own men, called into service because our administration will not apply humanity at home, is our own crime. We advise the American people to look down their own alley. They are in the habit of taking an automobile for a remote place to see suffering and remedy it. If they would open their windows they would hear groans in hovels right at hand. Why must the distress close by be wholly foreign to their sympathies?"

MANLY WORDS

In these days of black, bitter national hatred, fomented by false and fraudulent charges, it is comforting to read again this letter filled with the sincerest Christian forgiveness. It was written by Michael Mallin, a Dublin "rebel", a few hours before he was shot.

"My darling wife, pulse of my heart.—This is the end of all things earthly; sentence of death has been passed, a quarter to four tomorrow the sentence will be carried out by shooting, and so must Irishmen pay for trying to make Ireland a free nation. God's will be done. I am prepared. But, Oh, my darling, if only you and the little ones were coming too, if we could all reach heaven together. My heartstrings are torn to pieces when I think of you and them, of our manly James, John, Una, and little Joseph. I cannot keep the tears back when I think of him; he will rest in my arms no more. If I had only taken your advice, we might have been so happy; but Ireland always came first. If you can, I would like you to dedicate Una to the service of God, and also Joseph. Try and do this if you can; pray to Our Divine Lord that it may be so. Father McCarthy has just been with me and heard my Confession and made me so happy and contented. God bless him. See Alderman T. Kelly. He is a good God-fearing man and will be able to help you for my sake as well as for yours. Are you sure you left nothing in the house? You know the police broke in and make a thorough search. However, these are only mere earthly things. I am so cold. This has been such a cruel week. Mr. Partridge was more than a brother to me; kept me close in his arms so that I might have comfort and warmth. His wife is here under arrest. If he gets out and you see him, tell him that I met my fate like a man. I do not believe that my

blood has been shed in vain. I believe that Ireland will come out greater and grander, but she must not forget that she is Catholic; she must keep her faith. I find no fault with the soldiers or police. I forgive them from the bottom of my heart. Pray for all the souls that fell in this fight, Irish and English. God and His Blessed Mother take you and my dear ones in their care! A husband's blessing on your dear head! A father's blessing on the heads of my dear children, James, John, Una, Joseph, my little man, my little man! His name unnerves me again. All your dear faces arise before me. God bless you, my darlings. Oh, if you were only dying with me, but that is sinful. God and His Blessed Mother guard you again and again. Give my love to your dear mother, Josephine, Mr. Farrell, and all the children; they must all pray for my poor soul. You will have a Mass said for me. My life is now numbered by hours. I am drawing nearer and nearer to God, that good God who died for us, you and I, love, and our children. God and His Blessed Mother again and again bless and protect you. O Saviour of man, if my dear ones could die and enter heaven with me, how blessed and happy I would be. They would be away from the cares and trials of the world. Una, my little one, be a nun. Joseph, my little man, be a priest if you can. James and John, to you the care of your mother. Make yourselves good, strong men for her sake, and remember Ireland.

I must now prepare. The last few hours must be spent with God alone.

Your loving husband,

MICHAEL MALLIN,

Commandant, Stephen's Green Command.

P. S.—I enclose the buttons off my sleeve. Keep them in memory of me.

RATTLESNAKES

I tell you that more than half of those who ventured out to pick the fragrant lotus blossoms that grow in the tangled grass beside that stagnant pool were bitten by the deadly rattlesnake. With ashen cheeks and bated breath you fly from the dangerous spot.

I tell you that half of those who yielded indiscreetly to the fascination of those uncouth modern dances were stung by the deadly venom of mortal sin. You shrug your shoulders and impertinently reply: "I should worry!"

Are we not sometimes just a bit sarcastic in our attitude toward Catholic conventions? We are inclined to poke fun at them as amiable bodies who meet to "resolute" and to take advantage of the opportunity to go on excursions to various points of interest. It is true that a few are answerable to this charge, but for the most part, the delegates are serious-minded men and women who attend with a deep sense of responsibility the conventions to which they are sent.

It must be remembered that no convention is legislative in any other than a limited sense. It can, at best, do little else than register prevalent Catholic feeling on burning questions of the day. Whether or not its deliberations are crowned with results depends, Mr. Individual Catholic, upon YOU.

You cannot run over to your neighbor's to borrow a Catholic paper, instead of subscribing for one yourself, and reasonably complain that, in your estimation, the sessions of the Catholic Press Association have led to neglect. You cannot find fault with the Federation of Catholic Societies because its campaign against salacious literature is not more widespread when you allow in your home newspapers and books that pollute the imagination and dull the sensibilities of your sons and your daughters.—*New World*.

The rank and file in Catholic societies have the choosing of those who will represent them at the convention. Let them choose such as have shown their energy, enthusiasm, and sound sense in the *local* affairs of the society, then they can feel confident that honest work will be done at the convention, even though the delegates unbend the bow by a trip in a sight-seeing car to the tanneries, stock yards, or other attractions of the convention city. After the convention, back up the delegates in the resolutions they have taken, instead of criticizing them. The presumption is that the representatives of the society, in convention assembled, had a broader view and more exact data than any individual member. When each member of the society thus evinces a sane practical interest by choosing good delegates before the convention and standing by its resolutions after the convention, then we can hope for the greatest benefits that could possibly be derived from a convention. Conventions cannot do everything; nevertheless they have become a necessity in our present-day life, and it behooves us to make the most of them.

The causes that impel men to drink have never been studied scientifically. The literature up to the present is a confusing mass of theories and opinions unverified . . . A Research Foundation has recently been organized at Hartford, Connecticut, for the purpose of making an exact scientific study of these questions. It will be endowed and become a permanent work.—*Wisconsin Medical Journal*.

The Catholic Church found the solution of the drink question centuries ago. Follow her advice: Teach all men to shun the proximate occasions of this sin, humbly to pray to God for help, and to secure divine strength in their weakness by the frequent reception of the sacraments of Confession and Communion, and the drink evil will be abolished. No Research Foundation, be it ever so richly endowed, will find any magic method of making intemperate men sober.

Eugenics have been taught in the schools long enough to destroy some wicked old-time prudishness.—Milwaukee *Journal*.

Or to break down some beautiful old-time modesty—which?

But books on sex have not stopped the making of divorce records. Books on psychology have likewise failed. Books on economics covering woman's new independence worked no improvement.—Milwaukee *Journal*.

Then let us quit behaving like blithering idiots, and straightway give our young people books on Christian Doctrine. These are the proper books to stop the making of divorce records and all other kinds of nasty records.

Girl kills her war baby; freed; acquitted and applauded by jury for stifling life of infant.—*Headline*.

Deliberately and directly to take the life of an innocent person is murder, one of the most heinous of all violations of the law of God. To applaud a murderer for her deed is to participate in her crime. Overwrought national sympathies during war time may make people unreasonable—that the world can condone; when these sympathies make them criminal the world must unequivocably condemn.

We read that one more state legislature has before it a bill for the taxation of churches. The wonder is that, in a country where sixty millions of the people do not attend divine service of any kind, the exemption of church property should have held out as long as it has. The unfailing recurrence of efforts to infringe upon the liberties of the Church should serve as a warning how we shall one day be punished for our criminal neglect to do anything, either by word or example, to stay the tide of infidelity that is sweeping over the land.

You may salve the sore spots on your conscience by the complacent recollection that you have fed a hungry family for the past month, but if you have not tried to discover why they were hungry and to remove the cause of this hunger, you can lay no claim to the virtue of intelligent charity.

Laudable efforts are in progress to secure legislation against the transfer through the mails of caricatures of St. Patrick. In the meantime let us take good care not to caricature devotion to the saint by our manner of celebrating the day.

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| | Catholic Events | |
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Charles M. Schwab will donate two million dollars to St. Francis College where he was educated. The money will be used partly for the erection of new buildings and partly as an endowment.

* * *

On the recommendation of the Franciscan Father Peter Crumbly, chaplain of the Joliet Penitentiary, the state of Illinois will erect a home for exconvicts. They will be allowed to reside at this home while seeking honorable employment, and thus many will be saved from the new crimes to which discouragement often drives them.

* * *

The Catholic women of Denver are planning a Child-Caring Society, which will secure Catholic homes for dependent Catholic children turned over to them by the courts and thus preserve the faith in thousands of the little unfortunates.

* * *

Under the direction of Archbishop Mundelein the Women Catholic Foresters of Chicago maintain a club on the loop where working girls can find rest, recreation, and instruction, meet their friends, and receive two good meals a day at very little cost.

* * *

No tuition is charged in any Catholic parochial school in the archdiocese of Dubuque. Thus there is, on the one hand, no obstacle in the way of poor children, and on the other, all the faithful have the privilege of contributing to the noble work of Catholic education.

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Anti-Catholic Roman papers like the *Messagero* and the *Avanti* have cunningly paved the way for their present bitter attack on the Pope by charging certain persons connected with the papal court with complicity in the destruction of an Italian battleship.

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Judge Baldwin has just handed down a decision restraining the officials of the Chicago district from giving the usual state aid to the large Catholic orphan asylums. In an address, that will go down in history as a masterpiece of eloquence, Archbishop Mundelein protested against the decision and appealed to the people of Chicago to be ready to make any sacrifice rather than allow the thousands of Catholic orphans to be robbed of "the only thing their parents had left them—their Catholic faith".

Mayor Rolph of San Francisco comes forward with a novel proposition. He would make Archbishop Hanna head of a board of clergymen whom the archbishop would choose from various denominations for the purpose of settling all disputes between labor and capital in the city. He would give this honor to the archbishop because he believes no other member of the community possesses in such a degree the confidence of all classes.

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The children of St. Vincent de Paul in this country are celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of their foundation and the one-hundredth anniversary of their entrance into the United States. This double anniversary should be celebrated with heartfelt thanks to Almighty God, not only in the convents of the children of St. Vincent de Paul, but in every place in the land where the Fathers of the Missions have preached the word of God to the poor or the Sisters of Charity have nursed the sick and comforted the dying.

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Reports on the Foreign missions give the names of 10 missionary bishops and 185 missionary priests who died during 1916.

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The Pope has recently created nine more American Monsignori. Five of those thus honored are Chicago priests.

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Msgr. McCloskey of Media, Penn., has been appointed Bishop of Zanzoanga, Philippine Islands.

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That unclean thing, called a Convent Inspection Bill, made its appearance in the legislature of Texas. There was enough manhood in the legislature of the Lone Star State to kill it on sight.

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Latest dispatches from Rome show that we were right when we attributed to some non-Catholic fabricator the recent reports about reopening the investigation of Anglican Orders.

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Cardinal Falconio died at Rome Feb. 7. He was a native of Italy but early in life came to this country. He was first made Apostolic Delegate to Canada, but was soon afterwards appointed to succeed Cardinal Martinelli as Apostolic Delegate to the United States. He filled this office for nine years until he was, together with Archbishop Farley and O'Connell, called to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat.

Rev. George J. Waring, United States Army Chaplain, has just returned from Rome bringing with him the Holy Father's blessing for "The Army of America".

A serious problem for our southern bishops is the presence of thousands of poverty-stricken Mexicans who have fled to this country during the past few years. Protestant proselytizers with vast sums of money to draw on are working to rob them of their faith. The Church Extension Society will gladly build churches and establish schools for these poor people if the Catholics of the country supply the means. Send in your mite, however small, to the Church Extension.

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The Knights of Columbus have been invited to dedicate the new million dollar custom house at Wilmington, N. C.

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In the last competitive examination for a vacant West Point cadetship held in the sixth Pennsylvania district, one boy from the Boys Catholic High School entered and won. In the examination before this, two boys from the Catholic High School entered; one received first prize and the other second. The examination before that, only one boy from the Catholic High School entered, and he won first prize. No one need blush for our Catholic schools.

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Feb. 4, Archbishop Mundelein officiated at the opening of the new Chicago home for dependent men under the direction of Father M. E. Kiley.

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Rev. Harry Wilson, editor of an Anglican paper in Los Angeles, was, together with his wife, received into the Church last month by Msgr. Harnett.

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Between \$900,000 and \$1,000,000 was the gross amount spent in Catholic charities in the Boston archdiocese last year, all the generous offering of the self-sacrificing people.

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The purchase of the Danish West Indies brings 10,000 more Catholics under the American flag. The Redemptorist Missionaries have long been engaged in fruitful work among the natives.

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The exiled Mexican Sister Helpers of the Helpless have instituted a day nursery in New York City.

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A federal law authorizing the interstate transport of wine for Holy Mass is proposed. Let us see that it is passed, and we need have no more fear that prohibition will hurt us.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Why is St. Joseph the patron of a good death?

Because when he died, Jesus and Mary were at his side.

If I am in the state of mortal sin when I receive Confirmation, must I receive it over again?

No. Even though you are in the state of mortal sin, you nevertheless really receive the sacrament. But the effects of the sacrament are not produced in you at the time. Mortal sin is an obstacle that keeps them from being produced. As soon as this obstacle is removed, that is, as soon as you put yourself in the state of grace, then the sacrament, so to speak, revives and produces those effects in your soul which it had been prevented from producing. But of course a person who knowingly receives the sacrament of Confirmation in mortal sin, even if he does receive it validly, commits a new mortal sin, a sacrilege.

Our pastor always preaches at the end of Mass. Would it be a sin for me to leave immediately after Mass on Sunday and thus miss the sermon?

You would not commit a sin against the law of the Church since the law of the Church does not require you to assist at the sermon but only to hear Mass. But every one is bound by the divine law to use all the means necessary to save his soul. Listening to the word of God as propounded by the authorized ministers of the Church is surely such a means for the ordinary Catholic. Hence to neglect it habitually would be wrong. To miss the sermon on one or the other occasion would not, however, be a mortal sin.

Are indulgences lost when rosaries belonging to different members of the family are accidentally exchanged and used by those for whom they were not blessed?

A rosary or other indulged article does not lose its indulgences for the owner when it is accidentally used by some one else. On the other hand, the person who unintentionally uses some one else's rosary, does not gain the indulgence. Even if you lend your rosary to some one else for the purpose of keeping track of the Hail Mary's,

etc., the indulgences are not lost for you. But when you give your rosary to another intending to transfer the indulgences to him or her, the indulgences are lost for both parties and the rosary must be blessed again.

Will you please explain in the Liguorian the true doctrine of the Church about the money Catholics give a priest to have a Mass said? A Protestant friend says we buy Masses. I know this is not so but I could not explain the true doctrine to her very clearly.

Of course we do not buy or sell Masses. The Mass is something spiritual and cannot be bought or sold. Besides the Mass is of infinite value and all the wealth of the world would not be sufficient to pay for a single Mass. But when Catholics ask the priest to say a Mass for their intention, they make an offering to him. This offering, which is called a Mass stipend, is a contribution on the part of the faithful towards the support of the priest. The priest has been obliged to spend many years preparing for the ministry. The proper performance of his duties is incompatible with those employments by which men ordinarily earn their living. Still the priest must live. Is it not reasonable then that he should be supported by those for whom he is devoting all his time and energy and who profits by his ministry? St. Paul says: "The Lord ordained that they who preach the Gospel, should live by the Gospel." (I Cor. IX, 14). And what more suitable occasion for the faithful to make this offering than when they are seeking spiritual favors at the hands of the priest, for instance, when they are asking him to say a Mass for their intention? In order to avoid abuses and to have uniformity, the Church determines the amount of the Mass stipend to be offered at different times and in different places. The priest, on his part, by accepting the stipend, obliges himself in justice to say Mass for the intention of the one who gives the stipend.

What proofs are there that the devil is a real person? Is it a dogma of our religion?

It is a dogma of our faith that there are fallen angels, that in punishment of sin they were condemned to an eternal hell which was prepared for them, that the devil, the leader of the fallen angels, tempted our first parents and brought about their ruin and that these fallen spirits tempt and persecute mankind. All these truths are clearly contained in many passages of Holy Scripture and in the teachings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. Thus in the Gospels we see that our divine Savior by His words and actions proved that He held the devils to be real persons, fallen angels, impure, powerful, enemies of the human race, and it is impossible to believe, with certain Protestant theologians, that our Lord was imbued with the erroneous doctrines of His time, or that in describing the devil He was merely expressing in a popular form the general struggle between good and evil in the world. See St. Matthew, IV, 3, 11; IX, 34; XXV, 41; St. Luke, IV, 33, 37; IX, 40; X, 17, 18; XXII, 3, and many other passages all through the Gospels.

Will you please tell me in the LIGUORIAN if a person who has made the heroic act of charity for the souls in Purgatory can belong to the League of the Sacred Heart?

The "heroic act" of charity consists in offering to the Divine Majesty for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory all the satisfactory value of one's good works during life, and all the helps that will be applied to one after death. Your difficulty, we presume, is this: if a person has thus offered up all his good works and prayers for the benefit of the Poor Souls, how can he offer up these same prayers and good works for the intentions prescribed by the League of the Sacred Heart and Apostleship of Prayer, as, for instance, in the morning offering? The contradiction on which your difficulty is founded is, however, only apparent. Our good works and prayers have several different values, that is, they are able to accomplish several different results. Thus they have a satisfactory value,—we can by them satisfy for the temporal punishment due to sin. They have also an imprecatory value which means that they have the power of obtaining graces and favors from God. Now, by the heroic act of charity one gives up only the satisfactory value of one's good works and prayers and transfers them to the Poor Souls. The impreca-

tory or intercessional value of your good works still remains yours and can be applied to whatever intentions you wish to pray for. And it is only this latter value of your prayers that is required by the League of the Sacred Heart. Hence you see that a person who has made the heroic act of charity is in no wise prevented from being a member of the Sacred Heart League.

Is it true that the priest may give Extreme Unction to a person who has been dead for some time?

No. A person who is really dead is no longer able to receive any of the Sacraments. However, scientists make a distinction between real and apparent death. They say that even after all the ordinary signs of death are present, cessation of pulse and respiration, etc., life may still be present for some time. Since the Sacraments have been instituted for the benefit of men, the priest makes use of the above-mentioned teaching of scientists and sometimes administers Extreme Unction to one who to all outward appearances is dead, but who is still possibly or even probably alive.

When the Lenten regulations allow meat once a day on certain days of Lent for families in which there is a working man, would this also apply to families in which one or more of the girls is working, but in which there is no working man?

Yes, provided these girls are engaged in bodily or manual labor, as for instance, in factories, as sales girls, or at house work. But if they are engaged in work that is chiefly mental, as stenography or bookkeeping, the permission to eat meat in the case mentioned above is doubtful. If you are in doubt consult your confessor.

What is the difference between Viaticum and Holy Communion as ordinarily received?

There is no essential difference. Viaticum, which means "a preparation for a journey" is the name given to the Blessed Sacrament when it is administered to persons in danger of death who are about to set out on the journey to eternity. At such a time every one, even children who have attained the use of reason, are obliged to receive Holy Communion by a divine precept that obliges under pain of mortal sin. The ceremonies and prayers used in the administration of Holy Communion as Viaticum differ from those ordinarily employed.

Some Good Books

Beauty: A Study in Catholic Philosophy. By Rev. Aloysius Rother, S. J., Prof. of Phil. in St. Louis Univer. B. Herder. Price 50c.

If there is anyone qualified to tell us about Beauty, it is a man well versed in Catholic Philosophy. Because if there is anyone who can speak authoritatively about Beauty it must surely be the Church under whose care the relics of pagan beauty were carefully treasured and the purer beauties of the Ages of Faith were created. It is the principle of Catholic Philosophy on this interesting question that Father Rother presents in the book we are reviewing.

You will find the book easy reading because the style is plain and simple; illustrations are used without stint; divisions are well marked; each paragraph carefully titled; the leading thoughts are cast in the form of definite propositions. It is a good book for Catholic High Schools, Colleges, and all serious readers, especially artists, architects, musicians, authors, etc., who wish to know the principles of Beauty, the goal and life of their chosen arts.

The Young Priest's Keepsake. By Michael Phelan, S. J. M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin. Seldom in recent years has a book presented its subject matter to its readers so forcibly, and at the same time so charmingly, as "The Young Priest's Keepsake". This little volume by the Rev. M. Phelan, S. J., is a veritable treasure of useful advice. The purpose of the book is "to assist young priests and ecclesiastical students to meet the demands which the life before them has in store." The book is not a mere summary of theoretical ideas but is a practical presentation of ways and means to overcome obstacles besetting the path of priests today. There is not one dull chapter in the book. Every sentence is redolent of thought, sound sense and beauty. The style of the book fully warrants the assertions of the author in his chapter on "English". Father Phelan writes earnestly and prudently of facts begotten of long years of ex-

perience as a missionary priest, and within in a manner which cannot fail to please and impress. Every priest, whether young or old, will find in this timely volume abundant material for serious and profitable reflection.

St. Alphonsus Liguori. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Mission Press, Boston. The secret charm of this little book lies in the fact that the author has selected and vividly portrayed, in a concise form, the salient features in the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori.

The single word that meant defeat in an important case at law, effected the saint's conversion. In the shame and humility, consequent upon his failure, he heard the voice of God calling him and he followed. With indefatigable zeal, he did the work of God during sixty years. He championed the dogmas of the Church. Just as a St. Dominic labored against the Albigensians, a St. Ignatius against the so-called Reformation, so St. Alphonsus' special mission was directed against the Voltairean teachings and the cold, severe doctrines of Jansenism. He was the friend of the clergy. His Moral Theology served as their standard and guide in their capacity of physician of souls. He was the friend of the laity, especially the poorer and more abandoned classes. It was for their benefit that he collected about himself a band of missionaries and founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. They were to seek out these unlettered masses and teach them the consoling truths of the Gospel. St. Alphonsus closed his long and holy career in the tortures of the acutest sufferings, both physical and mental.

"In the midst of the awful tragedy of human life, its false ambitions, its tragical loves and despairs, it is wholesome to contemplate a life, rounded to perfection, a soul, that, forgetful of self, sought only God's glory and man's benefit". With these words Canon Sheehan closes his attractive summary of the life of St. Alphonsus.

The little brochure of thirty-one pages is a chapter from Canon Sheehan's Work "Mariae Corona" entitled "The aged and youthful saint."

Lucid Intervals

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of'. Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so, until little Johnny Snaggs, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly:

"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

"If you please, mum," said the ancient hero in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on wash day, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely. And the door closed with a bang.

During the severe storm that flooded Galveston and caused some loss of life and much damage to property, an artillery officer, on leave of absence, telegraphed to his superior officer in command of the Coast Defenses at that point:

"Sympathy to the regiment; where are my clothes?"

The answer he received was:

"Sympathy from the regiment—you have no clothes."

An old hen was pecking at some stray carpet-tacks in the yard.

"Now, what do you suppose that hen is eating those tacks for?" said Henry.

"Perhaps," rejoined his little sister, "she is going to lay a carpet."

"What kind of meat have you this morning?" asked the husband of the butcher.

"The best steak we have ever had, sir," replied the butcher. "Here you are, sir; as smooth as velvet, and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up and said: "I'll take sausage."

The German girl who presided over the soda fountain in Heckelmeyer's drug store was accustomed to patrons who did not know their own minds,

and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"I'd like a glass of plain soda," said a stout man, entering one day in evident haste as well as thirst.

"You have vanilla or you have lemon?" tranquilly inquired the young woman.

"I want plain soda—without syrup. Didn't you understand me?" asked the stout man, testily.

"Yas," and the placid German face did not change in expression or color. "But what kind of sirup you want him mitout? Mitout vanilla or mitout lemon?"

"Was it a bad accident?"

"Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked spokeless."

Mrs. Cronan heard her little granddaughter Margaret crying as if in great pain, and hastened to the child.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Cronan. "Did you meet with an accident?"

"N-no, grandma!" sobbed Margaret. "It w-wasn't an accident! M-mother did it on p-purpose!"

"Pa, what's a feebly?"

"There isn't any such thing, Harold."

"Yes, there is. It says in this book that the young man had a feebly growing down on his cheek."

The conversation in the village hotel had turned on the war, when one of the company asked:

"Which is the most war-like nation?"

"Vacci-nation!" replied a doctor. It's nearly always in arms!"

"Now tell us," sternly demanded the young legal luminary whose brow overhung like the back of a snapping-turtle, addressing the cowering witness, "what was the weather, if any, upon the afternoon in question?"

Medium—"Hush! Listen! I hear the gentle rapping of your wife."

Victim—"Gentle rapping? That's not my wife."